



THE FUNNIEST THINGS IN

ODD SIGHTS AND QUEER
GREATEST HUMORIST, AS
EQUATOR," AND ILLUSTRATED
DAY JOURNAL BY

FOLLOWING THE EQUATOR.

BY
MARK TWAIN,
AUTHOR OF "UNKNOWING ABOARD."

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MARK TWAIN. I had not seen him since Nauheim, Germany, several years ago; the time that the cholera broke out at Hamburg. We talked of the people we had known there, or had casually met; and G. said:

"Do you remember my introducing you to an earl—the Earl of C?"
"Yes." That was the last time I saw you. You said he was in a carriage, just starting—belated—for the train. I remember it."

"I remember it, too, because a thing happened then which I was not looking for. He had said a while before about a remarkable and interesting Californian whom he had met, and



A Canine Mark Twain.

"How curious that it. Why, he hadn't the least recollection of it. Had you any conversation with him?"

"Some—yes!"
"Well, it left not the least impression upon him. What did you talk about?"

"About the fox. I think that was all."
"Why, that would interest him; that ought to have left an impression. What did he talk about?"

"The fox?"
"Yes, very curious. I don't understand it. Did what he said leave an impression upon you?"

"Yes. It showed me that he was a quick judge of—however, I will tell you all about it, then you will understand. It was a quarter of a century ago—1873 or '74. I had an American friend in London named E., who was fond of hunting, and his friends, the Blanks, invited him and me to come out to a hunt and be their guests at their country place. In the morning the mounts were provided, but when I saw the horses I changed my mind and asked permission to walk. I had never seen an English hunter before, and it seemed to me that I could hunt a fox safer on the ground. I had always been diffident about horses anyway, even those of the common altitudes, and I did not feel competent to hunt on a horse that went on stilts. So then Mrs. Blank came to my help and said I could go with her in the dog-cart and we would drive to a place she knew of, and there we would have a good glimpse of the hunt as it went by.

We got to that place I got out, and went and leaned my elbows on a low stone wall which enclosed a turfy and beautiful great field with heavy wood on all its sides except ours. Mrs. Blank sat in the dog-cart fifty yards away, which was as near as she could get with the

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thing in the world could have stirred me as the sight of that great rock did.

In the night we anchored a mile from shore. Through my port I could see the twinkling lights of Honolulu and the dark bulk of the mountain range that stretched away right and left. I could not make out the beautiful Waianae Valley, but I knew where it lay, and remembered it used to look in the old times. We used to ride up on horseback in those days—we young people—and branch off and gather bones in a sandy region where one of the first Kamehameha's battles was fought.

We lay in luminous blue water; shoreward the water was green-green and brilliant; at the shore itself it broke in a long white run, and with no crash, no sound that we could hear. The town was buried under a mat of foliage that looked like a cushion of moss. The silky mountains were clothed in soft, rich splendors of melting color, and some of the cliffs were veiled in misty mists. I recognized it all. It was just as I had seen it long before, with nothing of its beauty lost, nothing of its charm.

Portent for a Cheese Firm.

of the dorian—if that is the name of it—is a tradition like the peepul tree. There was a dance and variety of tropical fruits, but the cheese never in evidence. It was never the season for cheese. It was always going to arrive from some time or other, but it never did. By all accounts it was a most strange fruit, and incomparably delicious to the taste, but never to the smell. Its rival was said to exude a stench of so atrocious a nature that when a dorian was in the room even the presence of a polecat was a refreshment. We found many who had eaten the dorian, and they all spoke of it with a sort of rapture. They said that if you could hold your nose until the fruit was in your mouth, a sacred joy would suffuse you from head to foot that would make you oblivious of the smell of the rind, but that if your grip slipped and you caught the smell of the rind before the fruit was in your mouth, you would faint. There is a fortune in that rind. Some day somebody will import it into Europe and sell it for cheese.



"If you caught the smell of the rind before the fruit was in your mouth you would faint."

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vehicle. I was full of interest, for I had never seen a fox-hunt. I waited, dreaming and imagining, in the deep stillness and impressive tranquillity which reigned in that retired spot. Presently, from away off in the forest on the left, a mellow bugle note came floating; then all of a sudden a multitude of dogs burst out of that forest and went tearing by and disappeared in the forest on the right; there was a pause, and then a cloud of horsemen in black caps and



"He stood his horse straight up in the air on his hind toenails, and shouted like a demon."

crimson coats plunged out of the left hand forest and went flaming across the field like a prairie fire, a stirring sight to see. There was one man ahead of the rest, and he came spurring straight at me. He was fiercely excited. It was fine to see him ride; he was a master horseman. He came like a storm till he was within seven feet of me, where I was leaning on the wall, then he stood his horse straight up in the air on his hind toenails, and shouted like a demon:

"Which way'd the fox go?"
"I don't much like the tone, but I did not let on, for he was excited, you know. But I was calm; so I said softly, and without acrimony:

"Which fox?"
"It seemed to anger him. I don't know why; and he thundered out:

"Which fox? Why, the fox? Which way did the fox go?"
"I said with great gentleness—even argumentatively:

"If you could be a little more definite—a little less vague—because I am a stranger, and there are many foxes, as you well know better than I, and unless I know which one it is that you desire to identify and—

"You're certainly the damndest idiot that has escaped in a thousand years! and he snatched his great horse around as easily as I would snatch

a cat and was away like a hurricane. A very excitable man."

"I went to Mrs. Blank and she was excited, too. Oh, all alive; she said:

"He spoke to you, didn't he?"
"Yes, it is what happened."

"I knew it. I couldn't hear what he said, but I knew he spoke to you! Do you know who it was? It was Lord C—, and he is master of the Buckhounds! Tell me—what do you think of him?"

"Him? Well, for sizing up a stranger, he's got the most sudden and accurate judgment of any man I ever saw."

A Shy at Cecil Rhodes.

When I reached the Boer country Mr. Cecil Rhodes must have had time to modify his shape. The modification had begun, in a detail or two, before the raid, and was making some progress. It has made further progress since. There are wise men in the Boer Government, and that accounts for the modification; the modification of the Boer mass has probably not begun yet.

If the heads of the Boer Government had not been wise men they would have hanged Jameson, and thus turned a very common-place pirate into a holy martyr. But even their wisdom has its limits, and they will hang Mr. Rhodes if they ever catch him. That will round him and complete him, and make him a saint. He has always been called by all titles that symbolize human grandeur, and he ought to rise to this one, the grandest of all. It will be a dizzy jump from where he is now, but that is nothing; it will land him in good company, and be a pleasant change for him.

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There is something about a diary that is convincing. That is why I quote from mine about Ceylon. I let it read for itself:

January 12.—Unspeakingly hot. The equator is arriving again. We are within eight degrees of it. Ceylon present. Dear me, it is beautiful! And most sumptuously tropical as to character of foliage and opulence of it. What though the spicy breezes "blow soft o'er the Ceylon's isle"—an eloquent line, and incomparable line; it says little, but conveys libraries of sentiment, and Oriental charm and mystery, and tropic deliciousness—a line that quivers and tingles with a thousand unexpressed and inexpressible things, that haunt one and find no articulate voice. Colombo, the capital. An Oriental town, most manifestly; and fascinating. In this palatial ship the passengers dress for dinner. The ladies' toilettes made a fine display of color, and this is in keeping with the elegance of the vessel's furnishings and the flooding brilliancy of the electric light.

January 14.—Hotel Bristol. Servant Brummy. Alert, gentle, smiling, winning, young brown creature as ever was. Beautiful shining black hair, combed back like a woman's, and knotted at the back of his head—tortoise shell comb in it, a sign that he is a Singsale; slender, shapely form; jacket; under it a belted and flowing white cotton gown from neck straight to heel, he and his outfit quite unmalesculine. It was an embarrassment to undress before him.



Is He There Yet?

In India the tourist's servant does not sleep in a room in the hotel, but rolls himself up on the veranda, across the front of his master's door, and spends the

"It was an embarrassment to undress before him."

night there. I don't believe anybody's servant occupies a room. Apparently the bungalow servants sleep on the veranda; it is roomy and goes all around the house. I speak of men servants; I saw none of the other sex. I think there is none, except child nurses. I was up at dawn, and walked around the veranda, past the rows of sleepers. In front of one door a Hindoo servant was squatting, waiting for his master to call him. He had polished the yellow shoes and placed them by the door, and now he had nothing to do but wait. It was freezing cold, but there he was, as motionless as a sculptured image and as patient. It troubled me. I wanted to say to him, "Don't crouch there like that and freeze; nobody requires it of you; stir around and get warm." But I hadn't the words. I thought of saying "fellow low," but I couldn't remember what it meant, so I didn't say it. I knew another phrase, but it wouldn't come to my mind. I moved on, purposing to dismiss him from my thought, but his bare legs and bare feet kept him there. They kept drawing me back from the sunny side to a point whence I could see him. At the end of an hour he had not changed his attitude in the least degree. It was a curious and impressive exhibition of meekness and patience, or fortitude or indifference, I did not know which. But it worried me, and it was spoiling my morning. In fact, it spoiled two hours of it quite thoroughly. I quitied his vicinity then, and I left him to punish himself as much as he might want to. But up to that time the man had not changed his attitude a hair. He will always remain with me, I suppose; his figure never grows vague in my memory.

Mark on an Elephant.

One day while we were in Africa a string of stately camels passed by, always interesting things to look at. Velvet shod by nature, they made no noise. Indeed, there were no noises of any sort in this paradise. Yes, once, there was one, for a moment; a file of native convicts passed along in charge of an officer, and we caught the soft clink of their chains. In a retired spot,

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We had a refreshing rest here in Delhi, in interest. It was built by a rich Englishman, he had a zenana. But he was a broad-minded man; he built a mosque; to please himself he built an English house. In the morning days the mansion stands in a great garden—Oriental fashion—and harbor monkeys; and they are monkeys of a troubled with fear. They invade the house, where they don't want. One morning the master was open. Near it stood a pot of yellow paint; window; to scare them away, the gentleman at all; they jumped into the room and threw y drove him out, and they painted the walls, and the furniture that when



"I did not mind the one with the hair brush the other one hurt me; it hurts

that's all right; but Satan made Sydney."

I have no doubt that he did, though I do not found it to be true that many so called works of Sydney is a place where you are always unness or pleasure. Business is so good and pleas

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resting himself under a tree was a holy person—gray all over with ashes.

By and by we went to the elephant stables, to ask for it, and I didn't want it; but I took it, hee afraid, which I was. The elephant kneels down, climb the ladder and get into the howdah, and t gets over a wave; and after that, as he strides in motion. The mahout bores into the back of his his temerity and at the elephant's patience, and it does, and nothing happens.

The mahout talks to the elephant in a low t derstand it all, and to be pleased with it; and h dole way. Among these twenty-five ele had ever seen before, and if I had have taken one of them while the po-

In the howdah house there were of gold, and one of old ivory, and and costly stuffs. The wardrobe of velvet cover, stiff and heavy with

Bewitching

If it is "see Naples and live." A bewitching place, ehancing place. The again! It is a vast city; ion inhabitants. Na- a slight sprinkling of enough to have the effect upon the massed the public. It is winter weather is the divine the foliage is the fresh June. There is a rank of across the way from the groups of picturesque the juggler in his turban is his magic; and all day long the varieties of costume flock by, ever get tired of watching this

Travel Makes Strange

"The Boers are a queer strange stories about them ber. One was that not long once making a business tavernless veil, and one a Boer; after supper, was dressed, weary and worn asleep. In the night he and suffocated, and fat wife in bed with him, clothes on, and snoring. It—awake and suffering—sleep again fell upon him he woke again. The Boer wife of his bosom was still

Next to Cecil esting convulsion of was the diamond crater, which he describes in big tanks containing mud and water and inviol and churn and properly treat 300 carloads of r juice it to three carloads of slush. I saw the th there reduced to a quarter of a load of pice, ele sorting tables and saw the men deftly and w they showed up. I assisted, and once I found exciting kind of fishing, and you feel a fine thi

"The elephant kneel time—and then end at."